Discontinued Model

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Discontinued Model

by Rosamine

Summary

The biggest craze to ever hit the market, the android. Everyone who is even mildly civilized has some form of droid. When his old tablet finally tanks out, Doctor Hannibal Lecter decides that it's time to see what so many of his patients obsess over. Cue a rude shop girl, who Hannibal is in the middle of mentally choosing prime cuts of meat from when he sees it. A human shape wrapped in a banner that says, 'Discontinued Model, on sale'. It's a Ganymede series, only three of them are in existence, and here is one just collecting dust in a store. And Hannibal has to have it.

Notes

Note: Will is not a faulty model. In fact, he is constructed with the finest, most up to date technology. Just thought I'd mention that. The company that made his line was destroyed in a central office fire and went belly up trying to recover. [Enough of me blabbering, here's your story. Was not beta read, would anyone like to be my beta? That would be cool.]

Savoir qui vous êtes

Chapter Summary

Hannibal, by circumstance, is forced to update. While reluctant, he soon finds exactly what he wants from this update.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Savoir qui vous êtes [Knowing who you are]

Hannibal Lecter didn't complain about anything. Ever. Complaining was childish, rude and undignified. But as a man who maintains a strong dislike of change, he was just a bit tempted to do so when his trusty tablet, a device he had depended on for a very long time, suddenly stopped working.
His IT contact, a very kind young woman named Beverly, very gently suggested that he upgrade.
"The way I see it, Dr. Lecter, it might be time for you to change. Why not consider an office android? They're very reliable. Get one of those cute little ones that looks like a cat. Very suitable for your office setting."
Hannibal sighed, "You cannot fix the tablet?"
"I'm sorry, I would if I could, but frankly, I am not sure where I would even get the parts I'd need to fix it. I could try-"
The psychiatrist shook his head, wistful. "No, perhaps you are right. Thank you, Beverly."
The young woman dug in her work bag and came up with a small business card.
"A friend of mine owns a store specializing in androids and repairs. He used to work for Olympus Technology before they went out of business. Brian is a bit sarcastic, but he knows his stuff. He'll get you set up properly."
Hannibal smiled warmly, "Thank you, I will have to pay him a visit."
"Anything you need, you know how to reach me." Beverly said as she left, giving him a hug. It surprised him, but he hugged her back.
"Again, thank you for everything." He replied after she pulled away.
"No problem."

Brian Zeller was not in his shop when Hannibal arrived at opening on Saturday morning. Instead, a redheaded teenager was minding the store.
"Yeah, no, Brian don't come in 'till around noon on Saturdays." The girl drawled when Hannibal asked about the shop owner.
Hannibal looked discreetly at his wristwatch, it was 9 o'clock. He would have to wait three hours.
"I was sent here by Beverly Katz," He produced the business card Beverly had given him.

The teenager snapped her gum.
"What did Bev recommend?"
"An office android, I believe she called it."
"Office droid, you a doctor or somethin'?"
The question, and the gum snapping, was causing Hannibal to become slightly annoyed, but he kept a pleasant smile on his face.
"I have a psychiatric practice."
The girl, whose name tag read 'Freddie', snapped her gum again.
'*If she continues to snap her gum*,' Hannibal thought distantly, '*I will develop a twitch.*'
"Alright, we got some models that'll be perfect. Right this way."
With that, the teenager left the small front desk and led Hannibal into the stock rows.
There seemed to be very little organization to the collection, animal and human shapes in orderly rows but not sorted by function or purpose.
The room was brightly lit, so he could see dust bunnies under the shelves and display cases.
"And here we go." Freddie said, turning into a row.
Hannibal moved to follow her, but a bright splash of cloth caught his attention.
It was a banner, wrapped around a human shape.
The blue cloth was printed with the words, 'Discontinued Model- On Sale', in big, black letters.
The android it was wrapped around was startlingly realistic.
It was shaped like a pale, lean bodied young man, barely out of boyhood. His hair was dark and curly, lips plump, pale pink and slightly parted. His eyelids were closed over his optics, and he had thick, almost feminine lashes.
"That's a Ganymede personal unit," The teenage girl had come up beside Hannibal without him even noticing, so entranced was he, "There aren't many on the market. They were the line Olympus Tech was releasing when they went belly up."
"He is for sale, then?"
"Yeah, but like I said, it's a personal unit. You can add office functions to it, easy enough to do. This the one you want?"
Hannibal smiled, he could visualize the android fitting into his life very easily.
"Yes. What is the asking price?"
Freddie opened the display case and lifted the android's pale, slender left wrist, checking the price band.
"Two grand, which is really a steal, considering the ten terabytes of memory storage, plus all the features and programs already installed."
Hannibal looked the android over, then smiled slightly.
"I'll take him."

[INTERNAL PROCESSORS STARTING UP]
[LOCATING WIRELESS CONNECTION]
[WIRELESS CONNECTION FOUND]
[MODEL NAME: GANYMEDE]
[LEAVING SLEEP MODE]
[ACCESSING PERSONALITY DATA]
His lids opened, optics adjusting to the light source.
There was a man leaning over him.
His memory didn't hold any information about the man.
"Excuse my questioning, but you are not known to me, did you activate this unit?"

Hannibal was surprised at the voice that left the android's mouth.
It was human, warm and pleasant with a hint of an American southern accent.
The eyes were blue-gray, and blinked at the average intervals. Fascinating.
"Yes. I did. My name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter."
He let the android sit up, having opened the transport box in his living room the moment he arrived home.
"Do you want to give the unit a personal name?" the voice, which was neither male nor female, asked.
That took some thought, but he finally said, "William."
The unit nodded, "Adapting personality disk. Please wait just a moment."
Those stormy eyes closed, and a soft sound started in the chest.
A heartbeat, Hannibal realized.
The eyes opened again and the android spoke in a male voice, "My name is William, how may I be of assistance, Doctor Lecter?"
Hannibal looked the naked male form up and down. The chest moved with simulated breath, a pulse beat steady at his throat.
Everything was very realistic and size proportional. Everything.
"To start, you can put on clothes."

Chapter End Notes

[So, what do you guys think? Smut next chapter.]
Your Kudos find Will clothes to wear, your comments stare at his stunning form and drool shamelessly.

Pour donner et recevoir du plaisir

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes an effort to put clothes on Will, he really does. Sadly, he is destined to fail. All because the boy android is too beautiful for words.

Chapter Notes

[This chapter, I'm sorry but this chapter will essentially be smut. Yeah, very little story progression. Alana and Bedelia will show up in the next chapter, I promise {Maybe not sure.} Basically, my beginning notes will be a way for me to argue with myself on things I can't decide. SorrynotSorry. Anyway, enjoy your smut, you sick beasts.]
Androids are immensely curious for about two weeks after activation- So if Will seems to be asking a lot of questions for a technologically advanced humanlike creature, that's why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pour donner et recevoir du plaisir [To give and recieve pleasure]

'The name of William's model ', Hannibal thought as he led the boy up the stairs to his room, '*Is truly accurate.*'
The male android moved with a grace and elegance that one wouldn't believe a creature of inorganic origin could possess.
Will, the nickname sprung into the psychiatrist's mind, was constantly stopped on the stairway by bits of Hannibal's art.
"What is this?' He asked, looking a framed ink sketch of Hannibal's boarding school from when he was a boy.
"A drawing I did when I was a boy. Come along, Will."
The boy, however, barely made it up another few steps before stopping again and pointing at a painting of a bowl of tropical fruit Hannibal had done in his free time while a medical student.
"And this one?"
"Do not point, Will, it is rude."
"Information stored, but what is it?"
Hannibal sighed, stepped behind the boy, covered his eyes and nudged him up the stairs quickly.
"Doctor Lecter, what is that picture?" William asked insistently as he was guided into Hannibal's bedroom and his eyes were uncovered.

"A painting, Will." Hannibal replied.
Will surveyed the room, "This is a bedroom, is this your bedroom?"
"Yes."
"So you sleep here. Will I charge here, or do you want me somewhere else?"
Hannibal, figuring that the android would stop asking questions eventually if he just ignored him, went to his closet and opened the door.
As he was trying to decide what color shirt would look best on his new companion, there was a rustling and the sound of bed springs shifting.
He turned to see Will sitting on the bed, looking at the book of poetry that was the doctor's most recent nightcap.
"Will," Hannibal selected a pale blue button down, "Come here."
The android slipped off the bed and came to stand in front of the human.
"Yes, Doctor Lecter?" he asked sweetly, tilting his head to one side with curiosity.
Hannibal held the shirt up to Will's chest, studying how it would fit him.
"Put this on." He ordered, turning to find a pair of slacks that would fit, thinking he'd have to purchase some clothes for the android as soon as his schedule permitted.
As he reached for a tan dress slacks he rarely wore, Will caught his attention with, "Is this right?"
He turned and had to suppress a smile.
Will had, whether on purpose or from inexperience, buttoned the shirt unevenly.
"Not quite."
Setting the slacks aside, Hannibal moved to unbutton the shirt.
Much to his surprise, the skin his hands made contact with through the fabric was soft, warm and gave slightly to his touch.
Will made a soft sound as Hannibal placed his palm against the center of the boy's chest.
"Your hand is cold." He complained.
The steady beat of the heart under the man's hand picked up as the fingers of his other brushed over the soft bud of Will's nipple.
The bud tightened, taut and perking under Hannibal's touch.
A soft sound escaped the android at the touch, and his cheeks reddened considerably.
"D-Doctor Lecter..." He stammered endearingly.
"William, I will expect you to call me Hannibal in private." The doctor murmured. Then, he kissed the soft, pink lips that had so entranced him before.
Satisfaction rushed through Hannibal when Will gasped into the kiss. By some design, the machine's mouth was just as warm and moist as any human's, saliva transferring between them as he deepened the kiss.
He tangled his fingers roughly in silky dark locks, then moved his other hand down the younger male's back, fingertips slipping between the perfectly shaped globes of Will's ass.
The moment his fingers brushed the boy's entrance, he heard a whimper and a tremble went through the form under his grasp.
"Hannibal, please..." Will whispered against the man's lips.
"As you wish, dear Will."

[ACCESSING PLEASURE DATABASE]
The bedsheets were soft against sensors that covered every inch of Will's skin. Doctor- no, Hannibal's hands against his body, however, felt even better.
The human brushed delicate touches, just his fingertips, over each part of Will's body that he seemed to be curious about. Will moaned at each touch, memory bank creating a new file to

keep track of of every sensation.
He made a soft sound of surprise as Hannibal parted his legs and leaned down to lathe his tongue over the gap hidden between the sensitive mounds of Will's backside.
When the tongue ventured deeper, Will let out a soft mewl of desperation.
The tongue retreated, and there was the sound of a zipper being undone.
He tried to sit up, but Hannibal pushed him down onto his back again.
The thrust inside was fast, hard, desperate. Will cried out, body arching up then slumping back down.

The creature beneath him felt human, but what human produced his own lubrication. Will was slick and tight as Hannibal set a swift but steady pace.
Will made sinfully innocent and desperate sounds, moving with each thrust. His eyes were clouded with pleasure and his breaths came in pants. His pale, slender hands clutched the bedsheets in a white knuckled grip.
"H-Hannibal! Harder! Please!"
Obliging without a word, he thrust harder, deeper.
The bed began to rock beneath them.
Hannibal was quiet, but Will was noisy, crying out and moaning.
In time, longer than he would have expected, the android moaned and spilled a warm fluid, very like human climax, onto both his stomach and Hannibal's expensive shirt.
The human swore softly as he was clamped tightly inside Will, his thrusts turned to hindered jabs before ending as he filled his lover with a groan.
There was a moment of silence, then Hannibal pulled out, causing his essence to begin to trickle out of the boy's entrance. A wave of exhaustion hit him, one that was astonishing. He had never felt his age exactly like this before now.
He managed not to collapse atop and suffocate the android, rolling to lay panting on the bed beside Will.
The only sign that Will possessed a body that wasn't human in that moment was that the earlier panting breath he'd displayed now returned to normal. He rolled onto his side, looking at Hannibal.
"Did I please you?" he asked, voice subdued.
The human man chuckled, "Very much."
Will smiled, and there was at least ten minutes of silence before the expression in the youth's eyes changed to one of business like warmth.
"There is someone waiting for you in your office, Hannibal."

Chapter End Notes

[So now I can promise that Alana and Bedelia will show up in the next chapter.] As usual, your kudos try to defend Will's innocence, and your comments want to join in with the corrupting fun.

Apprentissage grâces sociaux

Chapter Summary

> With social interaction imminent, Hannibal can only hope Will can behave when faced with other human beings. Especially those who view him poorly.

Chapter Notes

> ((Warning: Alana will be a bitch, racist and basically see Will as a glorified sex toy. Yeah... Sorry not sorry.))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Apprentissage grâces sociaux [Learning Social Graces]

About ten minutes later, after changing his soiled shirt and coaxing a giggly, almost irrationally happy Will into the blue shirt and tan slacks, Hannibal descended the stairs.
Will trailed after him, fidgeting with the sleeves of the shirt.
Hannibal smiled as he caught sight of the pair of women in his waiting room.
"Doctor Bloom. Doctor Du Maurier. What a pleasant surprise."
Bedelia looked up from quiet conversation with Alana and returned her colleague's smile.
"Good afternoon Hannibal. And who's this?" Her kind blue eyes settled on Will.
"Ah, forgive me. This is William."
The android smiled at the blonde woman.
"Hello." He said politely.
Hannibal was relieved Will could be polite.
He observed as Will's eyes moved from Bedelia to the other female psychiatrist.
He smiled shyly and said, "Hi..."
Alana ignored him and said to Hannibal, "So you finally updated. Its a nice model."
Out of the corner of his eye, Hannibal saw Will curiously admiring Bedelia's necklace. The older woman seemed charmed by his curiosity and indulged his questions.
Turning back to Alana, Hannibal commented, "I am sure Will would prefer being called a 'he'."
"Hannibal," Alana chuckled, "He's little more than a glorified sex toy. I doubt he cares."
That phrase, the insinuation that William is a toy, infuriated Hannibal for some baffling reason.
Thankfully, Bedielia came to the rescue before he could begin planning his former student's murder.
"Alana, I am sure Hannibal has a patient arriving soon. We should get out of his hair."

"I must agree with Doctor Du Maurier. My next appointment is scheduled for five thirty."

Good byes were said quickly, Bedelia telling Will it had been nice to meet him. Alana, however, had ignored the android, and Hannibal had to force himself to remain cordial. He decided he didnt like Alana as much as he had enjoyed her company before.
When the women had left, Will turned to the human.
"You have no appointments until tomorrow morning."
Hannibal grinned. "Ah, I do know, dear Will."
He wrapped an arm around his new companion's waist and led him upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

((Next Chapter: We'll be introduced to the conflict that makes this a story. Warning: Jack being a douche.)) Of course, your kudos defend Will while your comments plan Alana's bloody demise.

Le problème avec la mémoire

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes Will to buy clothes, they receive a visit from a man who is not a patient. And he seems convinced that he knows Will.

Chapter Notes

(So now, yay, I have an editor! Thanks to Extinction [Hi sweetie!] for kicking my ass to get to this point!) Yes, Jack is serving a purpose here. Yay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Le problème avec la mémoire [The problem with memory]

It was late Monday afternoon.
William Graham pulled over to the side of the road as his car made ugly clanking noises. He got out and groaned as he saw that the power cell had been damaged.
"God damned technology!" He swore. He was dialing a towing company he had a card for when it happened. He was stun gunned from behind, followed by a tranquilizer dart to the base of his neck. He collapsed forward. And that was the last time he saw through human eyes.

Will's optics named open and he had a panicked moment before his memory bank reminded him where he was.
He was in Hannibal's bed, the slim charging cord trailing from the insert spot at base of his spine to the outlet in the wall.
Will watched as Hannibal stirred.
The older man opened his eyes.
"Good morning, Doctor Lecter. Your first appointment is at three pm."
"And the time now?"
"Five am."
"Perfect, we can shop for clothes."

By noon, they had hit over ten shops and the back of Hannibal's Bentley was crammed with shopping bags.
Will, the doctor decided, looked good in the slim fitted blue button down shirt, tight fitted black dress slacks, a clunky belt, a black cashmere beanie, and brown leather converse.
Only one thing was missing.

Hannibal glanced over at Will, who was sitting in the passenger seat, and smiled slightly at the sight of his boy watching excitedly out the window.
"We have one stop left to make."
The boutique was small, as it should be. The door was a pale blue color, and the bell tinkled cheerfully as Hannibal pushed it open.
Inside, small shelves and racks were laden with piles of lace, silk and lawn.
A copy of Michelangelo's David, rendered in convincing flesh as an android with pale golden hair and tan skin, looked up from arranging a display of black satiny undergarments.
The incarnation of human perfection smiled at Will first. "Welcome."
Hannibal raised a brow at being ignored, but then realized that perhaps androids had their own social structure.
"My name is Will, this is Doctor Lecter." Will explained.
"I'm David, how may I help you?"

Will had tons of information about clothes, but half the underthings David showed him were foreign. They had names like 'boy shorts' and 'tanga'.
Hannibal grinned at him each time he stepped out of the dressing room in a new luxurious confection of silk or lace.
They ended up buying a selection of the boy shorts, in every color and fabric.
Will wore a pair of red lace out of the store, peeking just barely over the waist of his dress pants.

After two appointments, Hannibal literally was ready to go out and gut someone.
He sat at his desk, studying the appointment book blankly. Then the door opened and Will poked his head into the office.
"Doctor Lecter. There is a man from the FBI here to see you. And he is acting strangely out in the waiting room."

Will had been studying his copy of the appointment book, noting there was a two hour gap between patients, when the man had come into the waiting room. He had looked up and had felt his operating system shudder. He knew this man, but he shouldn't...
[MEMORY ERROR]
The man froze, eyes widening as he stared at Will.
"May I help you?" Will asked.
"Jack Crawford, FBI. And you're Will Graham. Where the Hell have you been?!?"

Chapter End Notes

(Ooohh! Cliff hanger! I'm such a shit. I know! Next chapter we'll learn a bit more. Thanks to my dearest editor Extinction [hugs and kisses baby] for finding me a great website to find male lingerie.
https://xdress.com/product/view/new-lace-contour-short-l350 if anyone wanted to know what Will is wearing under those hot dress pants.) And, as per the norm, your kudos

want to make Will wear normal briefs while your comments pick out a thong and try to get Will to wear it

La naissance de Ganymède

Chapter Summary

> Will begins to have uneasy daydreams, while Hannibal receives an invitation to a charity ball.

Chapter Notes

> ((Do any of my readers speak or read French? Is the title the proper spelling? Also, smut chapter.))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

La naissance de Ganymède [The birth of Ganymede]

He couldn't see. But he could hear and feel. A strange, male, high pitched voice said, "You shall be Ganymede. The fairest of the Olympian gods. Those that buy you shall feel as though they are Zeus himself." A hand in a latex glove stroked his hair, before he drifted away into oblivion again.

"I'm afraid that is quite impossible, Agent Crawford. Will is an android."
Hannibal hated repeating himself, he found it irritating that this man could not simply accept the truth.
He had been reasoning with Jack Crawford for well over ten minutes.
To his relief, the man sighed and said, "I see."
The FBI agent looked to Will and offered the android a sheepish smile. "I apologize for distressing you in any way. You look like, and have the same name as, a man I knew who went missing a few years ago. You're a Ganymede series, correct?"
Will nodded and retreated from the office.
"You came here for a reason other than to bother my secretary android, I assume?" Hannibal prompted politely.

After Jack had left-Hannibal had politely let the man know he could not assist in profiling the Minnesota Shrike-the doctor went to find his android.
He discovered Will reading a cookbook he had left out on the kitchen counter.
The mail was stacked neatly by the stove. Among the plain envelopes, a pale blue stood out.
Upon opening it, Hannibal smiled.
"Do you dance, William?"

The tailor android was a Campagna model, lean and olive skinned with buttery gold eyes and skilled hands.
Hannibal had selected a gray number that had a jacket to be zipped rather than buttoned and an unevenly cut vest over a checked black and white shirt. The tie was a confection of black striped silver.
Will stood perfectly still as his fellow android worked to fit and alter. He did not blink or breathe.
He was well aware of his owner's eyes watching him intently and Will found himself wishing he could read what was behind those burgundy irises.
Words in Italian from the mouth of the Campagna made Will glance down and turn on his translation setting.
"That one," the tailor murmured, "He watches you like a wolf watches a new lamb."
If Hannibal had not been standing within earshot, the Ganymede would have responded. Instead, he merely sighed.

It was dusk, the sky visible out Hannibal's office window stained bright, deep hues of red, orange and pink.
The last of the man's patients had long since left and Will was perched in a comfortable armchair with his owner, head on his shoulder, listening to him read.
As night settled out the window, the blue dark cloaking and muting the harsh edges of reality, Hannibal set aside his book.
He nuzzled Will's neck and the youth hummed in pleasure.
The chair offered little room, so Hannibal moved them to the sofa.
Sprawled on his back, hair a tumbled mess of curls, his boy made such a pretty sight.
"Ganymede, such a fitting name for what you are..." Hannibal murmured, fingers gliding across the pale blue fabric of the shirt he had bought for the android, feeling the warmth of his lover's skin and the heartbeat in his chest.
'At times', Hannibal mused, *'It is easy to forget William isn't human.'*
Buttons were undone with fluid ease, the shirt fell away as Will arched under Hannibal's hands.
Trousers went next, kicked to the end of the couch along with socks.
Once Will was bare aside from the frill of the boy shorts with their couragous red lace, the good doctor sat back, undoing his tie.
"Need help there?" The younger asked with a sly smile.
"I can handle it on my own." Hannibal replied, licking his lips.
He set the tie aside and unbuttoned his own shirt, revealing a body submitting, albeit grudgingly, to the influence of middle age.
Will didn't seem to mind anything about his physique, he only cared that the older man was taking so long to undress.
"Come on, Doctor Lecter, I'm waiting."
With a growl Hannibal stripped off his trousers and boxers. He grabbed the lacy hem of the shorts on his boy's hip and tore the fabric.
The boy, cheeky creature, merely huffed impatiently.
Hannibal flipped Will onto his stomach and without waiting a second longer, slid himself deep.
A sound of pleasure escaped the youth.
The older man set a fast, hard pace, and the sofa creaked dangerously under them.

They warred against each other, both bodies fighting to make the other the first to climax. Hannibal's hands left dark bruises as they gripped Will's skin, and Will's nails savaged the cloth of the couch.

In the end, Will was the one to topple over the edge first, soiling the expensive fabric of the furniture.

After that point was breached, there was no stopping.

The good doctor groaned, thrusting a few more times before spilling himself deep inside his lover.

His arms gave out and he collapsed atop Will.

For a few moments, they both just lay panting. Then Will asked, "Must we go to this dancing thing next week?"

Hannibal chuckled, "Yes, dear Will, we must."

Chapter End Notes

((Thee you go. I threw you guys a bone of information. You have two hot dorks screwing like bunnies. Satisfied?)) We all know the drill. Your kudos oggle Will in a suit while your comments want to slowly peel it off of him.

La chute d'Apollon

Chapter Summary

> Will meets a man he has a suspicion he knows. Hannibal enjoys a meal, his boy's company and the feeling of his life leaving a set, boring pattern.

Chapter Notes

> ((Tobias. All I can say about this chapter is there will be Tobias. And Hannibal enjoying his meal. If you want to make inquiries about the courses, comment.))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

La chute d'Apollon [Apollo's Fall]

He opened his eyes, and could see. For the first time Ganymede got to see his surroundings. The youth sat up.
Bright lights blazed down on steel tables. There were three of them, including his own. The table nearest to him held the body of a dark skinned man, chest split open with clamps, organs bared. Or what was left of them. Most of what was there was metal or plastic. Ganymede's eyelids felt heavy. He didn't have the energy to look at the table at the other end of the room yet. He laid back again and returned to the darkness.

Soft music played, forks clacked against plates and people talked gently around them.
Hannibal took a single bite of the light, baked fish and sighed in pleasure.
"Would you care for more wine, Doctor Lecter?"
Will's plump lips were quirked in a devious grin, offering the bottle of white wine as he was.
It was one of their private jokes. Ganymede, wine bearer and unwilling consort of Zeus.
As he let Will refill his glass, Hannibal mused at how he could no longer imagine his life without Will there.
Dessert was splendid, with mint ice cream served with petit fours and chocolate liquor or coffee.
While Hannibal sipped coffee, he noticed a growing number of women gathering near their table, eying Will.
Finally, a young thing in violet came over and asked if Will wanted to dance.
"Go ahead, William. I'm fine. And these old bones aren't suited to dancing about like they used to." Hannibal replied when his android looked to him.
Will scrambled up and the good doctor watched with a smile as his boy went to dance.

Music was one thing Will adored. Whether it was programmed into him or whether it was part of the many weird sensations he'd been experiencing since Hannibal activated him, the android loved music.
He went from partner to partner, dance to dance until, quite suddenly someone whispered, "Good evening, Ganymede."
Will looked up into liquid chocolate eyes set in a wickedly handsome dark skinned face. Recognition clicked immediately, "Apollo."
The other Olympus Tech specialty droid smiled.
"Call me Tobias, please. I didn't think your unit was still in operation. But I am relieved to find you. Are you here alone?"
"No. I'm here with Hannibal." Will murmured.
Tobias grinned. "Do you still make pretty noises, Ganymede? I'd love to hear some."
Will pulled away before the other android could touch him in any of the private ways that he once had. "Despite our being lovers before, I do need to go."
He turned and fled through the crowd of dancers back to Hannibal, aware of dark chocolate eyes watching his every step.

Hannibal watched as Will hung up their suits, to be sent for duty cleaning of course, on the bedroom door.
The android returned to the bed and curled in beside Hannibal.
"Did you enjoy yourself tonight, my little one?" The man asked, stroking the soft, dark brown curls of his delicately framed lover.
"Yeah. Though there were lots of people."
Mm, you will have to grow accustomed to that." Hannibal pressed a kiss to to the top of Will's head. "Good night, William."
"Good night, Doctor Lecter."

Chapter End Notes

((Oooh, what happened between Tobias and Will? Why didn't Will tell Hannibal?)) Per norm, your kudos dance the salsa with Will; your comments sit with Hannibal, sip wine and think of Will's butt. Those naughty comments.

La luce di Ebe

Chapter Summary

> Freddie Lounds is a young college student with hopes to become an investigative journalist. She lives, thanks to a well-to-do Grandmother leaving her both valuables and cash in her will, in a high end apartment complex. She suspects her neighbor across the hall is abusing her android, and she can't help but get involved.

Chapter Notes

> ((Warning: This chapter contains physical abuse of a minor. The minor is, granted, an android, but I thought I should warn you guys anyway.))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

La luce di Ebe [The light of Hebe]

It was dark. So dark.
She couldn't see.
Hebe clawed at the fabric blocking her vision. There was the sound of people shouting and a zipper opened, letting in sunlight.
A man with light charcoal colored skin and dark eyes looked down at her.
"This complicates things." He said with a sigh.

Freddie Lounds, age nineteen, opened her apartment door early Thursday morning and heard the sound of shouting through the thick door of the unit across from hers.
She shook her head and closed the door behind her. It was best she didn't get involved.

The frying pan smashed into the side of Abigail's head.
[DAMAGE ASSESSED AS NOT SEVERE: REPAIRS IN PROGRESS]
"Look at this you stupid lump of wires! This pan is expensive and you left scratches in it! You can't wash anything right!"
"I'm sorry, Doctor Bloom." Abigail whimpered.
"Sorry isn't going to fix the pan!" Alana snarled, raising the pan again.
Abigail braced herself for the blow but, mercifully, Alana's phone began to ring.
Before the android girl's eyes, the woman who had but a second ago been trying to destroy

her cranium changed into a smooth, composed business woman.
While Alana was on the phone, Abigail retreated to her space behind the living room couch.
She fumbled with her charging cord as she heard Alana leave the apartment.

"Abigail, could you help me set the table?" A cheery voice called. "Okay Mom, be right there!" She yelled back and turned around in her desk chair. She stared up into the shadowed eyes of a masked man and opened her mouth to scream. The sound never escaped. There was a hiss and the taste of burning copper on her tongue and she collapsed forward, darkness enveloping her.

Freddie carried two bags of groceries as she returned to her apartment.
As she reached her floor, the door to the unit across from hers opened.
She nearly dropped her groceries at the wreck of an android that exited the apartment, carrying trash bags
Her skull plating was dented in, wires sparking and hissing in her bared neck connections.
"Miss, is something wrong, you are staring and blocking the hall.
Freddie was about to reply when there was the sound of the elevator doors opening.
"Abigail, what are you doing in the hall?!?" Snapped a woman's voice.
The android, Abigail, winced and Freddie turned.
It had to be said that the woman stalking towards the defenseless machine would have been pretty if she hadn't had an enraged expression on her face.
On instinct, Freddie stepped between them.
"Out of the way."
"No. You have damaged her enough." Freddie retorted.
"It's a machine. They can be replaced." The woman sneered.
"Then sell her to me, and buy yourself a new one."
The woman snorted, "You can have it. I didn't even pay for it in the first place."
With that, she went into her apartment and slammed the door, leaving Freddie with a droid that was in desperate need of repair.

Chapter End Notes

((So do you guys hate Alana yet? Next chapter we'll learn more about Olympus Technologies and the Olympian droid series.))

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!